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Literature

"A Day at Laguerre's" *

THE CHARACTERIZATION of foreign types and foreign lands on piquant and telling lines requires no small talent: it is indeed of those talents that have wrought minute perfections in ivory, painted a drama on a fan, or displayed Japanese delicacy on a screen or a kakemono. A very cunning eye, a very deft pencil, a taste for salient detail, and a command of vivid colors go to make up such a power of sketching in words, a power not to be despised or ignored—rather to be envied and delighted in. How many people have vainly attempted to describe Constantinople or Venice, Cordova or Mexico, floundering around among vague epithets and hopeless adjectives without ever reproducing the phantom of a minaret, the glimmer of a palace-haunted canal, the glow of Spanish light, the vivid beauty of Chapultepec! Volumes have been written on these cities and places whose voluminousness in vain aspires to reproduce Spain or Italy, Orient or Occident, as a single strophe of Victor Hugo's 'Orientales' reproduces the subtle scenery of the East, or as Fernan Caballero reproduces her beloved Andalusia in a single paragraph. The imagination must be henna-stained, deep-dyed, with the pigments and poesies of a region before the quintessence of an old town or land can be put into the tiny phials of words and exhale their vague yet precious odors to the sympathetic mind.

Mr. Hopkinson Smith has this power—the painter's power of depicting both in pigments and words what he has seen and heard in other lands. This delightful little volume is an artist's portfolio of sketches from East and West, all the more vivid because the sketches are altogether in words rather than in lines. Its author is an impressionist with a romantic tendency, swift to see a beautiful effect—a bit of fine cornice or palace-window on the Grand Canal, a little landscape on the Mexican Véga, a horse-shoe arch or a picturesque ruined door on the Guadalquivir,—and skilful to transfer its soul and spirit to his reader. The initial sketch—'A Day at Laguerre's'—is a little poem in its way, celebrating scenery near Harlem in charming fashion, and making one envy the possessor of eyes so sharp and so poetic. All Venice looms through the pages of 'Espero Gorgoni, Gondolier,' and Turks and cypresses and Oriental rascalities crowd the lines of 'Under the Minarets' in very lifelike form. Our guide at Stamboul bore the imposing name of 'Pericles'—a solemn-faced, rather taciturn Neo-Greek, whose mournful visage brightened only at the vision of a golden Napoleon or a sovereign at the close of his day's twaddle. Mr. Smith rejoiced in 'Isaac Isaacs,' a Turk of Hebraic tendencies who had stolen another man's name. At Athens it seemed appropriate that our cicerone should be dubbed 'Miltiades,' while Mr. Smith's Cordovan mentor was the scion of an ancient but impecunious line. The artistic form of his book is redolent of the studio, with its quaint title-page, narrow paging, and broad margin. Travelling of the kind Mr. Smith habituates us to spoils the reading of regular books of travels. It is graceful, piquant,

humorous, soulful; and one's sole chagrin is that there is so little of it.

Miss Wormeley's Balzac *

THE SHORT and vivid career of Balzac reads like one of his own romances—those powerful stories into which he threw so much of his own soul and which may truly be called successive volumes of his autobiography. A neglected child, a misunderstood boy, a dunce at school, a dreamer in youth, this genuine Touraine genius passed triumphantly through all the phases of neglect, ridicule, contempt, and debt, and rose by the pure force of indomitable will to become perhaps the greatest literary power of France between 1830 and 1850. At what appeared to be the meridian (really the twilight) of his life he married the possessor of fabulous millions and seemed about to enjoy the wealth in which the characters of his 'Comédie Humaine' delight, when the dark Spectre knocked at his door and called him, as it had called Shakespeare and Molière, within the fateful portals just after the completion of his fiftieth year.

The portrait taken an hour after his death, which Miss Wormeley presents as frontispiece, recalls two other death-bed portraits of Balzac's contemporaries—that of Heine (born in the same year) and that of Keats (born three years before),—three remarkable types of Jew, Pagan, and Christian, each characteristic of a tendency of the age. The mocking Judas with his streaks of sentiment and poetry, the delicate Greek genius steeped in the lore of Hellas and Italy, and the vigorous sensual Frenchman with his intense modernness and his profound analytic faculty, longing to be placed beside Napoleon, Cuvier, and O'Connell as the fourth great pillar of the century, a pillar representing not a nation but a social world,—have each been limned for us by artistic hands as they lay in death on their last pillow, and the face of each is a mirror of the just departed soul, of the just awakened spirit of the age. Suffering is depicted on all,—world-weariness, struggle, eventual collapse under mighty labors and threnodies to which those of Heracles are scarce comparable. The emancipated Jew speaks in Heine with a voice of silver, musically rapturous yet scoffing, singularly penetrating in the chords it touches, with a slight afflatus of hysteria every now and then in its tremulous vibrations. He was the herald of his liberated race which has once again become dominant in so many arts. In Keats shines the rich Greek spirit wedded to modern romantic motifs, heralding a new renaissance of color, form, and rhythm, illumining new paths for those who followed, showing the exquisite nuptials of a Hero and a Leander, of an Athenian and an English spirit. Balzac is essentially, immutably nineteenth century, a great social delineator, honest, copious, eloquent, vast in his pictures, panoramic in his methods,—a huge scene-painter dealing in mighty masses, monumental effects, striking *tableaux*, gigantic perspectives. A doge's palace is too small for his canvases, a hundred volumes in ten years too few to hold his fountain-like thought, a single century too narrow to contain all the years of his experience. And the stone which this untiring Sisyphus rolled up the hill was—debt.

Balzac, like Dumas, was unlucky in his enterprises. Ill-luck brought obligations. Obligations brought novels. These fell thick as manna in the night of the wilderness when the pressure was upon him. Miss Wormeley annexes to her Memoir a most interesting bibliographical appendix of Balzac's works accomplished and unaccomplished. There are 28 'Scènes de la vie Privée,' 10 of 'Scènes de la Vie de Province,' 16 of 'Vie Parisienne,' 2 of 'Vie Militaire,' 5 of 'Vie Politique,' 3 of 'Vie de Campagne,' 19 'études philosophiques,' 2 'études analytiques,' 6 dramas, 41 'contes et nouvelles,' 27 sketches, 39 'croquis et fantaisies,' 25 critical and literary portraits, 36 political and historical studies, and

* A Day at Laguerre's, and Other Days. By F. Hopkinson Smith. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* A Memoir of Honoré de Balzac. Compiled and written by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. \$1.50. Roberts Bros.

384 letters. Half as many more subjects, essays, novels, etc., were announced but never published. This enormous activity is of a kind that raised Egyptian pyramids and reared Flavian amphitheatres—a phenomenon accounted for on the ground of exceptional vitality. No wonder that Balzac died of heart-failure, a comparatively young man.

The facts of his life are clearly brought out in Miss Wormeley's excellent Memoir, which is compiled chiefly from the narrative of his sister Madame Surville, with translations of his correspondence, and extracts from Werdet, Gozlan, Champfleury, and critical contemporaries. His own works, however, are his fullest memoir. This we see in 'Louis Lambert,' which is Balzac's miserable school-life over again, in 'Cousin Pons,' where his art mania is vividly delineated, in 'Séraphita,' the product of his years of mysticism, in 'Le Lys dans La Vallée,' so beautiful with the light and the landscape of his beloved Touraine. He believed in himself from the start and therefore he succeeded. It was nothing for him to write anonymously eight or ten three-volume tales by way of study in style, trying his wings, and experiment. He felt that he had the genius in him which assiduous practice alone would develop to its highest power; and like the true and conscientious workman that he was, he went on writing, in spite of the outcries against his style, his 'neologisms,' his un-French, his barbarous idiom. The Academy shut its doors in his face because he was a poor man, but the supreme academy of talent, of which Hugo, and Sand, and Gautier, and de Musset were members, welcomed him with open arms. The sunny, sweet-tempered, gay, glorious countryman of Tours ultimately won all hearts by his loveliness and his gifts. Even his hard-hearted, brilliant mother came to believe in him and to pray by his dying bed.

Of the three we have mentioned how different yet how similar the fate—Keats and Heine, exiles, one expiring in the sunshine of the Eternal City to whose associations he adds yet a subtle charm, the other nailed for years to his 'mattress-grave' and dying in an alien land with a laugh on his lips; Balzac, a modern Tantalus surrounded by the fruits of his innumerable labors yet unable to enjoy them; at home, yet abroad; all three typical workmen of the time. Keats's single precious volume, Heine's miscellany of prose and verse, Balzac's mountain of romances: who shall say which influence has been most abiding?

We notice misprints in the French on pp. 112, 119, 133, and 142.

"On Seats and Saddles."*

THE VARIETY OF PURPOSES for which horses are necessary to man and their constant use by all classes in all places give a widespread interest to everything pertaining to the care and training of these animals. A real love incites many to a study of the structure, habits, and disposition of this intelligent and faithful servant in order that he may not be made to suffer unnecessary hardship in the performance of the work he is expected to do. Even where owners are entirely lacking in this praiseworthy sentiment and care nothing for their horses beyond the good they can get out of them, self-interest points to a thorough knowledge of the animal, and to treatment in accordance with this knowledge, as a means of lengthening his period of usefulness. All who are in any way dependent upon the horse are therefore concerned in knowing as much as possible about him; yet how often ignorance, stupidity or carelessness outweighs self-interest! The 'horse-knowledge' possessed by a vast majority of those who own or handle horses is empirical. Much of it, like popular information in regard to the ground-hog, is traditional. Absurd 'rules of thumb' are followed with a sublime faith that would often be ridiculous, were it not so shocking, to a man who is aware how

few of the theories evolved from the domain of empiricism have been shown to be sound, from the standpoint of science.

A great many 'horse-men' in this country are already familiar with the foreign editions of the late Major Dwyer's 'Seats and Saddles.' This is especially true of officers of cavalry and light artillery, who for some years have regarded the work as standard. It is used as a text-book at the Infantry and Cavalry school, and will no doubt be carefully studied by all officers of the mounted service in preparation for their examinations for promotion. These officers, and all other horse lovers of sufficient intelligence and technical knowledge to read the work understandingly, will welcome the reprint of the fourth English edition which has now appeared.

In spite of its scientific nature, there is nothing dry about the book. In smooth, easy, and informal style, the author has given others the benefit of his study of the structure of the horse and of the best way to obtain satisfactory results from his use under the saddle as well as for draught purposes. The treatise consists of an introductory chapter, and four parts in which are discussed 'Seats and Saddles,' 'Bits and Biting,' 'Draught and Harness,' and 'Restiveness—Its Prevention and Cure.' There are eight plates and numerous diagrams and figures. The principles of lever action upon which rational biting, saddling, and harnessing depend, are so clearly explained and happily illustrated that anyone of average capacity can understand them, and all classes of riders and drivers will find 'Seats and Saddles' a book to their liking.

The Washington Centennial: Second Notice*

SOME RATHER IMPORTANT features were left unmentioned in our former notice of this book. Since that notice was printed (April 23) the work has appeared, with a reduced photograph of Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens's medal on the title-page, and with a preface by the editor, Mr. Clarence Winthrop Bowen, in which there is a short account of the other work of the Publication Committee, including the copying of certain unpublished despatches for presentation to the New York Historical Society. Extracts only from translations of these despatches are given in the text. A large part of the cost of the book has been spent on the art work, of which the most important part is the large collection of historical portraits, including thirty-three of Benjamin Franklin, twenty of Thomas Jefferson, twelve each of Charles Carroll and James Monroe, and twenty-one of George Washington, not including cuts of busts and reliefs and statues by Houdon, Ceracchi, St. Gaudens and Ward. Among the more interesting of the chapters describing the celebration itself should be mentioned Mr. Louis Windmüller's account of the Madison Square concert, of which (as well as all of the German part of the celebration) he was the organizer. Though a very short chapter it recalls one of the most enjoyable features of the celebration. The military and other parades and the display of fireworks are treated of by Col. S. V. R. Cruger; Mr. Brayton Ives makes a clear exhibit of the finances of the affair; and the editor has some permanently valuable notes on the portraits in the book, and a compendious account of the celebration throughout the country. Among the relics shown in the loan exhibition at the Metropolitan Opera House was a gold pen and pencil case said to have belonged to Gen. Washington and to have been used by him in writing his despatches throughout the war. We believe this claim has been disputed, and it is said that gold pens were not made until well into the present century. If there is a mistake here, it is probably the only serious one in the whole book. For ourselves, we could wish to see Mr. William Jay's account of the Centennial Ball illustrated by photographs of the actual participants. Similarly, of the banquet at the Met-

* On Seats and Saddles, Bits and Biting, and the Prevention and Cure of Restiveness in Horses. By Francis Dwyer, Major of Hussars in the Imperial Austrian Service. \$1.50. United States Book Co.

* History of the Centennial Celebration of the Inauguration of George Washington as First President of the United States. \$30. D. Appleton & Co.

ropolitan Opera House we have no illustration but a facsimile of the invitation card. But the literary exercises at the Sub-Treasury are more handsomely illustrated, which makes us feel happy again.

A correspondent of the *Times* makes the criticism in that journal that in stating the maiden names of the married ladies whose portraits are given in this book—a book 'mostly beyond criticism'—the Christian, or given, name is always employed in connection with the patronymic, as in the case of Mrs. John Adams (born Abigail Smith). If Mrs. Adams had been 'born' Abigail, she never would have been christened so. The most amusing illustration of this blunder was the famous newspaper reference to 'the Duchess of Marlborough, née the widow Hamersley.'

Butler's Dante: "Hell"

THE MULTIPLICATION of translations of Dante is like that of translations of the 'Dies Iræ': hands skilled and unskilled, deft and daft, undertake it, with the varying success shown by innumerable editions. No adequate translation or edition of Dante will ever be put forth, as the present editor suggests, until a number of students bind themselves to read among them everything that Dante can have read, and to have made themselves as familiar as he with the events, small and great, of his age. Mere knowledge even of this omniscient sort is not, however, sufficient. If a translation goes hand in hand with the original, as Mr. Butler's edition before us, a singular command of at least two idioms, English and Italian, must be the rare possession of the editor. Great Italian scholars, great English scholars—one or the other—are not wanting; but one and the other, or both together, are almost too much to hope for. Mr. Butler thinks that 400 years of Dante commentary and scholarship—between 1400 and 1800—can be safely slipped into the sea. Between Rimbaldi of Imola and Carl Witte, who died in 1883, hardly any editor except Cary has thrown any real light on the difficulties of the 'Commedia.' Sometimes humanists imbued with Plato undertook, like Landino, to comment on a writer like Dante steeped to the finger-tips in Aristotle. The Accademia della Crusca made of Dante a mere text-book in language. For 120 years Dante lay in the darkness of three or four bad editions (from 1596 to 1720). Campanella and Milton were eccentric enough to know something of him. For England, Cary's translation and notes of 1805 were a revelation, as they were to Coleridge, and Mr. Butler does not hesitate to pronounce it the best book to which Dante study has given birth in England. Cary was familiar not only with the great Florentine himself, but with Brunetto, Villani, and the schoolmen, and he endeavored to familiarize his readers with the same recondite lore; while Ugo Foscolo and the father of the Rossettis lectured on or taught Dante while they were *émigrés* in London.

The standard prose translation of the 'Hell' was that of Carlyle's brother until Prof. Norton's (recently noticed in *The Critic*) revealed even superior workmanship. Mr. Butler published his version of the 'Purgatory' eleven years ago, and now follows it with a sober, careful, and admirable version of the 'Hell,' the text and notes at the bottom of the page, surmounted by the prose translation at the top. Most prose translations are mere 'cribs,' but Mr. Butler's version of the thirty-four cantos is readable and literary while exact and close. It is a most useful edition for higher Dante classes already imbued enough with thirteenth century Italian to be capable of using a translation judiciously, as something more than a 'pony'; its price would appear enormous were it not that the modest volume contains text, commentary, translation, and a selected vocabulary of difficult words; thus combining two or three books in one. The quality of the prose may be tasted from a random selection taken from the 27th canto:—'Already was the flame erect

on high and at rest for saying no more, and already was going its way from us, with the leave of the sweet Poet; when another which was coming behind it made us turn our eyes towards its top by reason of a confused sound which issued forth from it.' This is not poetry; but then the translation is in—prose. The difficult word *scana* (xxxiii, 35), which Mr. Butler glosses 'tooth,' can hardly be from German *zahn* with inserted *c*: it rather suggests the Celtic word *skeen*, *skein*, *scayne*, etc., a kind of dagger or stiletto, leaf-shaped, with pointed end, said at one time to have been the last resort of the Highlander in trouble.

"Twenty-Five Years of St. Andrews"

A GREAT MANY distinguished men have visited the old university town of St. Andrews, and a good many interesting things have happened in that stronghold of the Scottish Kirk; and surely no one can be better qualified to tell about these visits and events than the man who for more than a quarter of a century has held the pastorate of St. Andrews' parish. The Rev. Dr. Boyd (better known as A. K. H. B.) has written much and spoken much in the course of a long, busy and manifestly useful life, and in this book certainly the style is the man—rather prolix; now and then tedious; irreproachable, of course, in taste and sentiment; and leaving in the foreground what he tries hard to leave in the background, himself. Nevertheless he has succeeded in producing a distinctly interesting book. Bishops, moderators, deans, canons, professors, authors, rectors and parsons appear on his pages in the transfiguring light of the worthy Doctor's personality: and we hear echoes of the fray between those who wanted organs in the kirk and those who didn't, Dr. Boyd being energetically in favor of the 'kist of whistles.'

It is hard to say which is the most interesting figure of the visitors and residents who gave the town its intellectual flavor. Of the former, we see Dean Stanley appear and reappear, kindly, eloquent, sometimes more Narrow than Broad in Dr. Boyd's opinion; Froude, giving his inaugural addresses as Lord Rector, and calling the town 'ideal,' to the great delight of the dwellers there; Dean Liddon, admiring the old parish church, desiring to preach there, yet refusing to do so because of the differences between the two Established churches—although Stanley preached in it again and again; Anthony Trollope, impressing the Doctor as unkempt and profane, and therefore intensely disappointing to one who admired his novels. A host of Anglican dignitaries are met, are liked or disliked (generally the former), praised, criticised, with an anecdote or two or an analysis thrown in: Archbishop Thomson—'strong, sensible: very fine-looking, but not otherwise remarkable'; Archbishop Tait—'everything he said and did left the impression of wisdom and goodness.' The Archbishop told an amusing story of his thanking Baron Rothschild and Sir Moses Montefiore for subscribing to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews. 'Oh, don't misunderstand me,' was the reply of Sir Moses, 'I do it because your mission rids us of a pack of scoundrels!' Bishop Wordsworth, however, seems the special favorite of Dr. Boyd, and no praise is too good for him; he appears frequently and always pleasantly. Kingsley, too, drifts across the pages and an interesting chapter is given to him.

Of the men of the kirk we become well acquainted with Tulloch, Shairp—learning of the latter that he was extremely unpopular with the students,—Caird, Norman Macleod, Lewis Campbell, Baynes, and very many more who live in the book not so much from vivid characterization as from constant mention. And assuredly as a type of man Dr. Boyd himself is as interesting as any of the men he portrays—a Presbyterian differing from Episcopalians only in respect to theories of Church government, and agreeing

* The Hell of Dante Alighieri. Edited, with Translation and Notes, by A. J. Butler. \$3.50. Macmillan & Co.

* Twenty-Five Years of St. Andrews. September, 1865, to September, 1890. By the Author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." In two volumes. Vol. I. \$3. Longmans, Green & Co.

with High Churchmen in matters of liturgy, observances, and all the things that go to make the Anglican Church so attractive to those whose religious nature craves more congenial environment than bare walls and bleak services. Could an old Covenanter wake now he would rub his eyes hard before he could believe that the thing he had fought for had developed to this. Yet Dr. Boyd has shown that the breach between the churches is wider in theory than it need be in practice, and it is because he has been influenced by this spirit that he has produced a book not merely thoroughly Scotch, but thoroughly British, too.

"History of the Nineteenth Army Corps" *

IN ATTEMPTING to classify the literature of the Civil War, a military man would no doubt begin by dividing it into official and unofficial; the former comprising the exhaustive Rebellion Records which are being compiled at the War Department, and the latter including everything else on the subject. Of the several millions of soldiers engaged in the war, many in all grades were capable, or imagined themselves to be so, of forming opinions not only in regard to the vital questions at issue, but also in regard to the conduct of military operations. It is not uncommon to-day to hear men who were in the ranks at Gettysburg or elsewhere tell what was done and what should have been done, as if their presence on the field gave them the authority of an eye-witness to speak of the progress of the whole battle. The absurdity of this is apparent to people of intelligence who remember that a soldier in his place and performing his duties on the battle-field is rarely in a mental condition to appreciate what happens even within the restricted limits of his observation, and is much less in a position to speak of what occurs on a field extending miles beyond his view. It is not always from eye-witnesses, then, that the best accounts of battles may be expected. But when a soldier of the war, who possesses military capacity of a high order and broad views of the progress of events, puts his heart into the work of describing some part of the mighty struggle—especially a part in which his participation gives him an extraordinary interest,—anticipations of a satisfactory result are quite sure to be realized. Between the extremes of the egotistical and narrow-minded writer, who saw it all, and therefore knows it to be true, and the thoroughly-equipped military historian whose opinions are the result of patient research and much weighing of evidence,—authors of the 'unofficial' Civil-War literature might be arranged 'according to size' in perfect gradation from the dwarf to the giant. The results of the labors of this host are seen in the various forms of lives of leaders, accounts of campaigns and battles, histories of armies and subordinate organizations, collections of reminiscences, war stories—in short, in a mass of literature suited to all classes of readers, from the hero-worshipper, who is here in clover, to the methodical statistician and painstaking student. No class of this war literature has a more appropriate *raison d'être* than the histories of separate organizations. Even here the variety is great, as not only armies, but also corps, divisions, brigades, regiments and even companies have found their historians, and the historian is never at a loss for deeds that are worthy to live. Many of these works, however, are of purely local interest. To day, the student of the war is not interested in the narrow field of operations of a single regiment or brigade, unless attracted thereto by some special feature. But with the larger units of organization, made up of troops from widely-separated States, and entrusted with the execution of important campaigns,—the case is very different. Here there is always much to learn and to interest, provided the historian is worthy of his task.

The author of the 'History of the Nineteenth Army Corps,' who died in this city only a few weeks since, has left his surviving comrades a precious legacy in his

admirable work. The style is charming in its clearness and vigor, and the selection and arrangement of material leave little to be desired. From the very thoroughness of treatment there are a few pages which the casual reader may find tedious; but, as a whole, the book is of intense and sustained interest, especially to the military student, for whom it abounds in lessons all the more valuable for being so clearly and forcibly expressed. Fifteen maps and plans, an appendix of rosters and notes, and a good index add to the completeness of the book, which is a handsome octavo with large print, wide margins, uncut edges, gilt top, and substantial binding, ornamented with the name in graceful script and the corps badge, both in gilt, on the dark-blue cover.

The Nineteenth Corps was organized towards the close of the second year of the war, being composed of all the forces then in the Department of the Gulf, with Gen. Banks as its first commander. The early history of the Corps includes the operations of opening the Mississippi between its mouth and Vicksburg, the acquirement of a foothold in Texas, and the Red River campaign. In the summer of 1864 it was transferred to the Potomac, and soon afterwards was incorporated in Sheridan's Army of the Shenandoah, in which it rendered efficient service under the gallant Emory at Opequon, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek.

Stevenson's "Across the Plains" *

THERE ARE not very many authors—certainly not very many American authors—who would voluntarily make the trip from New York to San Francisco in an emigrant train. But the man whom we would believe courageous enough to do it, is the very man who has done it, and in several chapters called 'Across the Plains' Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson tells us how he did it. It is an interesting tale, and in reading it many of us will learn for the first time how the obvious discomfort of second-class travel may be set off by its unsuspected picturesqueness. We of the starched collars and vestibule trains lament the decay of the adventurous spirit; we mourn the crude, hard background of our newish country. But our adventurous Scot scents the picturesque from afar, then comes in contact with it, and finally shows us what a wealth of material is ready to be worked up, even in transcontinental travel. He is crowded in with a troop of other 'foreigners' and strikes up acquaintances. Nicknames are current, and our author conceals his identity only to be dubbed 'Shakespeare.' The title might have been a thousand times worse: certainly the fellow-travellers need no other writer to characterize them; they live vividly in these pages, and so does the daily routine of the journey. A paper on Fontainebleau is full of the same spirit, only here the human sympathy is focussed on artists and nature, with equally pointed and satisfying effect. The dozen papers that make up the book have already appeared in magazines, the articles from *Scribner's* being of course quite familiar and welcome to American readers.

It is too late in the day to offer a characterization of Mr. Stevenson, other than to say that he sees humanity and adventure where the rest of us would see only annoyance, discomfort and extreme unconventionality; and further, that the more out-of-the-way and Bohemian is his personal experience, the more does he hold by his colors as a gentleman and write as only a gentleman can. It is this delightful trait that gives the chief flavor to this last volume, and it is one of the main things we have to thank Mr. Stevenson for,—a thing in itself to make us glad that he is a man who writes.

Theological and Religious Literature

'PERSONALITY' is the title and also the dominant thought in a volume of sermons, eighteen in number, by Samuel Richard Fuller, rector of St. Paul's Church, Malden, Mass. 'Personality' is the highest achievement in human life. To be yourself is the highest conceivable attainment—to be yourself and live as God

* History of the Nineteenth Army Corps. By Richard B. Irwin, formerly Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. Volunteers. \$4.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* Across the Plains. With other Memories and Essays. By Robert Louis Stevenson. \$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.

lives. Christ stands the great life of the world, because he lived his own life, * * * because his life was not in any way an imitation, nor a reflection, but simply the complete and full expression of what God had implanted there.' This quotation of ours from Mr. Fuller's first discourse in the volume gives the keynote of the whole strain. It is a strain that is fresh and inspiring from the first moment, and lures one to listen to the whole. 'The steepest, loftiest summit toward which we move in our attainment' will send back entrancing echoes, while with these thoughts, as from an Alpine horn, we awaken responses from the everlasting hills. In common prose and unsentimental terms, Mr. Fuller, under this dominating thought, has produced a volume of sermons above the average. He illustrates his theme by discourses on Job, Isaiah, and St. John. To him, the personal Christ is the ultimate gospel. 'God's Spirit in Man's Life' and 'Reconciliation to God by Apprehension of God' are strong and luminous. 'No Separation from the Love of God' is full of comfort. All the author's themes are set forth with fine literary skill, and every sermon is redolent of culture. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP MAGEE of York was an extemporaneous preacher of great power and popularity. There was a striking mixture of commonsense and pathos in his discourses, and the stream of epigram was as clear as it was copious. His volume on 'The Gospel and the Age' is already in its fifth thousand. Since his death, his brother (an English barrister) has collected fourteen of his sermons, which are now presented in an attractive volume. In his work as preacher of the Gospel, Dr. Magee had clearly before him the social welfare of the people, as well as the salvation of his immediate hearers. He felt deeply for the multitude beyond the cathedral walls; hence his forcible sermons on socialism, on the Christian ideal of human life, and the relation of Christianity to free thought, scepticism and faith. Well in touch with the processes of modern criticism, he yet demanded of the new some of the solid and tangible benefits which the old had demonstrated its possession of. Both optimist and pessimist he cross-questioned, and pointed out the infirmities and limitations of each. In a word, these sermons, with their shifting of light and shadow, their swift and marvellous transformations of wit and seriousness, show the preacher a wise man. He hopes, but hopes not too much of the seemingly few, while anchoring faith in the solid realities of the truth that knows neither the wrinkled front of decrepitude nor the uncertainties of youth. The book is called 'Growth in Grace, and Other Sermons.' (\$1.75. T. Whittaker.)

THE RICH AND SCHOLARLY series entitled the Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges, which ought to be in the library of every clergyman who practices expository preaching, is enriched by a new volume from the pen of that prince of exegetes, the Rev. Dr. A. Davidson. Despite the fact that the book of Ezekiel is not usually considered a popular work, and that its style is to the Hebraist what Carlyle's is to the lover of good English, Dr. Davidson has presented us with a very enjoyable volume. The notes are full of meat, while the introduction discusses ably and luminously the peculiarities and difficulties of the prophet's diction. The best collateral literature in modern exegesis is also pointed out, and an index of subjects is given. This is a notable addition to this lead-colored series, which when opened shows golden treasures. Dr. Davidson is also editor of a volume on John in the same series, and was one of the Old Testament revisers. (Macmillan & Co.)—NOT ON CALVARY is the title of a pamphlet in which an anonymous layman argues (as possibly Milton did before him in 'Paradise Regained') that 'man's redemption from Satan' was wrought by Christ in the temptation in the wilderness, rather than on Golgotha. In order logically to bring his rather crudely built argument to completion, the author develops his Satanology to extra-scriptural proportions. (35 cts. Chas. T. Dillingham & Co.)—IN 'GENESIS AND GEOLOGY' the Rev. N. Colin Hughes, D.D., attempts 'the harmony of the Scriptural and geological records.' The little book comes to us in its second edition. It is a plea for the acceptance of the idea that man has been on the earth probably not over six thousand years. The author takes little or no note of the conclusions of critical Helven scholars, and thinks Moses wrote the first chapters of Genesis. There are several illustrations. (50 cts. James Pott & Co.)

THEODORE PARKER has been dead for over thirty years, and yet here comes a collection of hitherto unpublished discourses—'West Roxbury Sermons.' How many preachers could stand such posthumous fame? We owe the volume to the selection of the Rev. Samuel J. Barrows, editor of *The Christian Register*, the organ of the Unitarian Church. There are fifteen sermons in it. The interesting point about them is that they were preached in

Parker's first settlement, at West Roxbury, near Boston, 1837-43. They are interesting discourses, unpolemical, practical and helpful. They are devout and deeply spiritual, although their author was an 'unbeliever,' for God dwells in many a heart outside the visible church. The New Jerusalem has twelve gates. The volume is prefaced by a biographical sketch by Mr. F. B. Sanborn. (\$1. Roberts Bros.)—SERMONS BY H. SCOTT HOLLAND, M.A., Canon of St. Paul's, in the Contemporary Pulpit Library, contains sixteen sermons such as a clever and religiously minded man of fine culture and some oratorical power might be expected to write. They are surely good in their way, in tasteful, scholarly English, and varied in matter. But they do not 'find' us. No fire comes from heaven and runs along the line as we read. No voice of God speaks louder than man's voice in them, and of such preachers the world has many. Taste, scholarship, oratory, what are these compared with a deep experience of spiritual things—God and sin and pardon, Christ and love and immortality? (\$1. Thos. Whittaker.)

'MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS,' is the simple title of a simple recital of Scriptural facts, by Mrs. Elizabeth C. Vincent. Her object is to tell the story of Mary's life, as the New Testament gives it, adding neither legend nor fanciful or theological embellishment. The result is eminently satisfactory. The maiden mother of Jesus is seen in her parental and maternal home at Nazareth, in the inn at Bethlehem, in the land of Egypt and finally at Jerusalem. Mrs. Vincent (or let us hope the printer) makes a slip in quoting John xix., 26. She (or he) reads:—'Woman, behold thy Son,' printing son with a capital S, as if Jesus were calling attention to Himself, whereas the 'son' referred to was John, as the context shows. Mrs. Vincent is quite correct in deprecating Protestant wilfulness in ignoring the claims of Mary to our respectful regard. On one point the Church of Rome is probably right. Mary was the virgin mother of Jesus. Does not the fitness of things suggest that the superlative honor of bearing the incarnate God precluded subsequent children? But when the Roman Catholic posture on this point is gladly conceded, it is impossible to expect any concession to Protestant teaching, and that Rome will strip from the Virgin the tinsel tradition and speculation have put around her, and allow the people to read the story of the Virgin's life just as the Evangelist wrote it; for it contains not a hint of Mary-worship. The dissemination among Roman Catholics of Mrs. Vincent's reverent sketch would do more to shake their faith in the doctrine respecting Mary than many volumes of a controversial character. (25 cts. Thos. Whittaker.)

MR. HENRY WOOD, author of 'Natural Law in the Business World,' a political economy on a new method, has essayed to describe 'God's Image in Man.' His preface excites prejudice because it seems to demand immediate acceptance of his views as the only true ones, since they are 'glimpses through the vision of the intuitive faculty.' But no sooner is the first page read than we find out that we are in contact with a man with a message. It is seldom this discovery is made. The majority merely carry out the suggestion of Job or somebody else, and make books. They have really nothing to say; but book-writing is a clean business, peculiarly unprofitable, but richly remunerative in showing oneself in print. And so the book comes out, and the tribe of reviewers peck at it and drop it in disgust. But Mr. Wood's book is not of this kind. On such topics as 'The Nature of God,' 'Revelation through Nature,' 'Direct Revelation,' 'Biblical Revelation,' 'Revelation through the Son,' 'The Universality of Law,' 'The Solidarity of the Race,' 'Man's Dual Nature,' 'The Unseen Realm,' 'Evolution as a Key' and 'From the Old to the New,' the author says good things, not because he has racked his brains and thought up something bright, but because he lives in the shadow of the Almighty by day and night and communes with God; for 'there is a spirit in man, and the breath of the Almighty giveth them understanding.' He is a profoundly spiritual man, and, as he says, 'there is a world-wide chasm between a spiritual perception of God and the very best concept which can be formed by intellectual processes.' God is very real and Christ is very near, and so his pages throb and glow with the new life that culture cares little for and philosophy tries vainly to explain. Mr. Wood has done us a service, and we trust that many will receive from the same and subsequent volumes spiritual quickening. (\$1. Lee & Shepard.)

Recent Fiction

'SEA MEW ABBEY' has but one bright object to relieve it from the state of hopeless gloom into which it is sunk from the first page to the last. That object is a lame girl whose mother dies on board ship when this child is two years old, and whose father, the

captain of the vessel, takes her at once to the Nuns of the Sacred Heart living in a convent on the coast of France. Something pleasant might have been told of the sixteen years spent in the convent, but nothing is. We lose sight of her until her father removes her abruptly from the convent because she wishes to become a nun, and transfers her to Sea Mew Abbey where he is leading the life of an outlaw. His country has dismissed him from its service, most unjustly, he thinks, and he is determined to take his revenge for it. It is an uncanny, miserable record of smuggling, fighting and every other known crime. How the girl lives through it all and keeps her senses no one can divine, but she manages to work out her own salvation in her own way. The book is by Florence Warden. (\$1. U. S. Book Co.)—THE OPENING scenes of a book called 'Tatters,' by Beulah, are laid in the vicinity of Whitechapel Road, where a row of grinning, reeking tenement-houses stare in wonder at any decent individual who dares to invade their filthy interiors. Tatters is a forlorn little girl who has come from no one knows where and whose poverty and misery in early youth, whose earnest endeavors to make something better of her own life, and whose ultimate success in every line give the story its one interest. If Tatters had been left to build her life up on her own lines the book would have had much greater value, for at times it is well written and very pathetic; but its author has resorted to too many princes and dukes to do for Tatters in a conventional way what she might have done for herself in a more unconventional and certainly a more interesting manner. (50 cts. Lee & Shepard.)

HAMLIN GARLAND'S new story, 'A Member of the Third House,' cannot be said to be very satisfactory or very interesting. The lobby, which is the 'third house' referred to in the title, is never very savory and requires an active interest in the actual political questions of the day to induce any one to keep up with its workings even in the newspapers. It would require a master-hand to give it life in a work of fiction. In this instance it is the very old story of an unscrupulous railroad king bribing the legislators to pass his bill, of the tender conscience of one of the men bribed, roused into activity through the influence of his wife and daughter, of his confession on the witness-stand and of the consequent exposure of the ring. All this investigation is brought about by two virtuous newspaper correspondents who sum up the situation in their own minds and decide that it is the result of the moral atmosphere in Washington, which destroys well-meaning young legislators as malaria attacks and undermines the Northern man when he enters the swamps of the South. There is a very slender love-story running underneath all this, playing its part in it of course, but not strong enough to redeem it. (\$1. F. J. Schulte & Co.)

THE AUTHOR of 'Ground Arms!', the Baroness Bertha von Suttner, is an Austrian woman of the upper class who has become thoroughly imbued with the importance of the higher education of women. In this book she emphasizes the necessity of such training for women, if the highest degree of civilization is to be attained by the world at large. She reasons, too, that if a woman is to perform all the duties of her station, the era of universal peace must first be secured. Her book is a crusade against war, and its whole object is to present the claims of the individual and the family as superior to those of the State; as an individualist, she presses the claim of every human being to the ownership and control of his own life. 'Ground Arms!' is, on the surface, a very simple story, but its philosophy is interesting, and so quietly and unpretendingly unfolded that we are continually surprised at the strength of the author's logic. Her standpoint is the natural one of the evolutionist who applies his principle to sociological problems, and in so doing antagonizes the revolutionary ideas of radical socialism. The translation is by Alice Asbury Abbott. (\$1. A. C. McClurg & Co.)—'THE HERESY OF MEHETABEL CLARK' is a dainty little volume, attractive as possible in its appearance and perfectly charming as to its contents. Some tourists travelling one summer through the White Mountains are entertained by their driver with this story, told in the quaint dialect of northern New England, and told with a sense of humor that is simply delicious, because so perfectly unconscious. Deacon Whipple, who tells the story, has been brought up in that old New England school of rigid iron-bound formulas which set forth what they who used them thought they ought to believe rather than what they, in their good old hearts, really did believe. His account of the manner in which Mehetabel Clark fell from grace, and the effect it had upon her, given without seeming to grasp the deeper meaning to be found therein, is inimitable. The story is by Annie Trumbull Slosson. (75 cts. Harper & Bros.)

'ROWENY IN BOSTON,' Maria Louise Pool's second novel, is not the success that 'Dally' was; it was scarcely possible to hope that it would be. The nine-year-old Georgia cracker, brought up from her birth to drink and to swear and to do in every respect just what she pleased, was a genuine anomaly in a staid New England village where the entire population belonged to a temperance society. There was an element of novelty in this that does not enter into the adventures of a country girl who leaves her home and family to go up to Boston to study art. In spite of the lawless propensities of her youth, there is an exquisite blending of humor and pathos in Dally's nature that gives her an indescribable charm not felt in Roweny, who takes herself much too seriously, and thereby fails to strike the proper note under many of the conditions in which fate places her when she reaches Boston. It is very likely too that Dally's friends have protested against her pathetic and untimely end, and our author has consequently been induced to wind up Roweny's career in a more commonplace if less artistic manner. Still there are many things in this book admirably written up; notably the spiritualistic 'see-ants' composed of the vulgar adherents of this cause, and the Browning Club consisting of the representatives of Boston's highest culture. (\$1. Harper & Bros.)

THE SHORT STORIES published from time to time in the magazines over Matt Crim's signature have been collected and published in a volume called 'In Beaver Cove and Elsewhere.' Beaver Cove lies somewhere in North Georgia, and the 'elsewhere' with which the remainder of the stories concern themselves is comprised within the limits of the same State. They are clever, in a certain sense, and interesting occasionally. There is a certain sameness about them, though, that places them at a disadvantage in a collected volume; they read better when one stumbles upon them now and then while turning the pages of a new magazine. Life in the Tennessee Mountains no doubt bears a striking resemblance to life in North Georgia; hence the suggestion of Craddock in these stories. We have many of Craddock's scenic effects here, much of her moonlight, and the same number of illicit distillers among the mountaineers, busily engaged in keeping out of the hands of the law. All this we have, without Craddock's humor and her spirited and fascinating portrayals of human nature. (\$1. Charles L. Webster & Co.)—THE READER'S opinion of a book called 'Folly and Fresh Air' will probably be expressed in the first word of the title, accompanied by an adjective which will add some force to the opinion. It is simply amazing that a whole volume could have been made up of such nonsense. A man decides to take a summer vacation, and after persuading his brother, a physician, to go with him, departs for Dartmoor, armed with a fishing-pole. He tells you of the opposition of his family to the expedition, of the persistency with which he carries it out, and of its results. He relates the minutest details with an air of absolute confidence in his ability to interest his readers in them. The attempts at sprightliness through the volume are really distressing, and one's inclination is much stronger to weep than to laugh. It is written by Eden Phillpotts. (\$1. Harper & Bros.)

'FLORABEL'S LOVER' is, as its title implies, a love-story pure and simple. Its author, Laura Jean Libbey, has no theories to advance, no ideas to propagate. She does not seem to have any intention of battling here with all or any of the evils to which the human race is subject, and there is no attempt at psychological analysis of feelings and emotions. A decade or two ago this kind of a book was one among many thousands and would have created no comment at all; now it has quite an air of novelty along with its musty flavor. We do not care to recommend it as a work of art or as anything profoundly interesting, but it will serve to answer the purpose of those who read novels for the sake of what they do not, rather than what they do, find in everyday life. Florabel is an adopted child in a family consisting of an old gentleman and two daughters. She is treated by the two last as an upper servant, but the Prince Charming arrives and of course falls in love with Florabel and marries her to the great disgust of his parents. They decide to separate him from her if they can, and they are assisted in this laudable undertaking by a fascinating but dangerous creature who has loved Max, but whom he has not loved in return. Enough trials and tribulations result to delight the heart of the most rabid romance devourer. (50 cts. Robert Bonner's Son's.)

Magazine Notes

THE veteran revolutionist, Karl Blind, in *The North American Review* for June goes quite as far as the facts will allow in attributing the advance of liberal legislation in Europe to the revolutions, mostly abortive, of 1848-9. 'Prehistoric Times in Egypt and Palestine,'

in Sir J. W. Dawson's article, mean the times before the flood. The data with which the writer deals are mostly geological, and he thinks that, compared with central and western Europe, the countries which were first to have a history are but new countries, after all. That is to say, he does not believe that there will be found in Egypt or Palestine any traces of man as ancient as those of the French and British caves and river-beds. Archdeacon Farrard discusses the future of Westminster Abbey, which, if the abbey precincts cannot be extended, must cease to be the burial-ground of English men of genius after, at most, another century. Prof. R. L. Garner, who has been studying the simian forms of speech, a little to the neglect of his English, proposes to carry on his future observations, he tells us, in the heart of some African forest, and, taking a hint from Mark Twain, he has contrived a steel cage—for himself—which he will charge with electricity to keep the subjects of his study at a proper distance. Prof. Garner's article is followed immediately by one on 'A Modern Form of Insanity,' by Dr. H. S. Williams who, once more, brings up the old theory that genius and insanity are near allied, and who discovers the connecting link between them in the common crank. Ouida complains of the well-known 'Penalties of a Well-known Name'—requests for autographs, for advice, for cash, for old clothes,—malicious inventions, gossip, scandal. 'The Decadence of Dickens,' Mr. Charles Townsend Copeland thinks, has gone so far that he is in danger of being relegated to the same shelf with Sterne—a danger which we can conceive the shade of Boz confronting with a bold countenance. Prof. C. F. Thwing would curtail the student's vacation, which is too long, but does not know how to do it without shortening also the teacher's vacation, which is scarce long enough. The number contains the index to Vol. CLIV. of the magazine.

Buda-Pest, the Chicago of Hungary, is brilliantly described by Albert Shaw and illustrated by Joseph Pennell in the June *Century*. Mr. Stedman, in his investigation into 'The Nature and Elements of Poetry,' comes to the sound conclusion that 'subjectivity' and 'objectivity' have little or nothing to do with his theme. But readers who have believed all along that the difference between objective and subjective in poetry is like that 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee' will yet find much to admire in the writer's critical handling of individual poets. The melancholy of modern poetry is the special subject of Mr. Stedman's essay, which is followed, at a little distance, by a modern poem as little melancholic or subjective as possible—'The Fight of the Armstrong Privateer,' by Mr. James Jeffrey Roche. Purely imaginary lake-dwellers, ancient and modern, fill the opening chapters of 'The Chatelaine of La Trinité,' by the author of 'The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani,' while Lieutenant Schwatka, a little further on, introduces us to real and living cliff-dwellers in northern Mexico. 'The Great Unknown,' the sea-serpent, is identified by Mr. J. B. Holder with a certain possibly not extinct, though fossil, saurian of the Bad Lands of Kansas. Another wonderful tale of the sea is that of Christopher Columbus, as told by Emilio Castelar, for in his present instalment the brilliant Spanish author and ex-President has more to say of the landed feudal aristocracy of old Spain and Portugal than of any one other subject. But though the facts be few in this chapter, the presentation of them is decidedly readable. Variety is the keynote of the number. Accordingly we have reproductions of early American caricatures and an engraving by Mr. Cole of an Italian old master; an abundance of short and continued fiction, and plenty of pictures and poetry. A portrait of Mr. Roswell Smith, President of the Century Co., is the frontispiece of the first number of the magazine printed since his death; and his memory is enshrined in a poem by Mr. Gosse.

The editor of *Harper's Monthly* sets his contributors a hard task. By engaging such writers as Mr. Curtis and Mr. Warner and formerly Mr. Howells and now Mr. Page in Mr. Howells's place to fill a score of pages at the back of each number of the magazine, he raises a standard that puts the occasional contributor on his mettle, and makes it certain that unless he does his very best, the reader will slight the mid-sea story, essay, sketch or poem in his eagerness to reach the haven of good English that awaits him at the end of his journey through the illustrated text. The *Lounger* chatted last week about the first of Mr. Lowell's six essays on 'The Old English Dramatists' in the June *Harper's*—a contribution that has nothing to fear from comparison with the regular departments of the magazine,—and about Mr. Warner's monthly Study; but Mr. Curtis's Easy Chair was never easier or more attractive than it is this month; and Mr. Warner, its old custodian, as well as Mr. Page, its new, appears in the Drawer; while the late occupant of the Study—Mr. Howells—is found in the body of the number in Part IV. of his novel, 'The World of Chance.' Adequate illustration of Prof. Waldstein's 'Funeral Orations in Stone and Wood' is supplied by photographs (engraved

by Wood) from the land of the Acropolis. Archibald Lampman's fine sonnet 'Sleep' is not inaptly followed (at an interval of several pages) by one on 'Cremation,' in which the poetic possibilities of the subject are more than suggested by George Horton. The birthplace of Commodore Hull, the Austro-Hungarian Army and eastern Peru are other attractive titles; and Mr. Millet continues to paddle his own canoe 'From the Black Forest to the Black Sea.'

One must not be misled by the title 'Art in Chicago,' in the June *New England Magazine*, into supposing that the reproductions of many noble works of art illustrating Miss Lucy Monroe's text beneath it are indicative of Chicago's advance in the creation of art products. The old masters of the Dutch School and Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens are not to be catalogued as Chicago artists, though Chicago is so fortunate as to have within her borders notable examples of their work with chisel and brush. The illustrations are not confined to these reproductions, however: the Art Institute is pictured, and the faces of some of those who are laboring to make it a power in the Western world of art. Gen. Armstrong's fine countenance stands out strikingly in the illustrated article describing his great work for the Indian and the Negro (and incidentally for the white man also) at Hampton, Va.; and 'Three Letters to Dorothy Q.'—the niece of Dr. Holmes's Dorothy—are given by Henry C. Walsh from the unpublished correspondence of John Hancock—the bold first subscriber to the Declaration of Independence.—The May *Poet-Lore* is a 'Browning Anniversary Number,' and perhaps even better than the 'Shakespeare Anniversary' issue for April. Among the noteworthy articles in it are 'Excerpts from a Sheaf of Browning Letters,' 'A study of Browning's "Ixion,"' by the Rev. G. D. Latimer, and 'Browning on Unconventional Relations,' by Prof. D. G. Brinton. The two latter are a sufficient refutation of the charge that our 'Browningites' are all given to indiscriminate laudation of their favorite poet. Miss Helen A. Clarke contributes a musical setting of 'One Way of Love.' The magazine is now published in Boston (196 Summer Street), and is well worth the \$2.50 a year it costs. We are gratified to learn that it is rapidly growing in favor with cultivated people.

The Lounger

THERE IS A TRUE STORY in Irving of the origin of Snake Hill on the meadows just beyond Jersey City: it is a mound built over the remains of the Indians who perished trying to pronounce the Dutch names of the early settlers on Manhattan. Like many another of Knickerbocker's tales of olden times in New York, this legend has been called in question by certain dry-as-dust historians. That it is inherently possible, if not, on its face, the most plausible of yarns, has just been demonstrated in St. Louis. A telegram to the *Times*, dated May 26, rehearses the confirmatory facts so succinctly that I make no apology for quoting it at length, rejoicing in the hope that its perusal will go far to clear the genial Irving from the aspersions of later and less popular annalists.

Henry Shelton is pretty well known among the young men of Olive Street who take rides with drivers out for a spin through the park. Yesterday Shelton got on the seat of a furniture van with the driver, a friend of his named Jack. Jack drove for a warehouse on Olive Street, whose owner has read Dickens, and calls it the Pantechnicon. 'How do you pronounce the name of that warehouse of yours?' asked Shelton. 'The Pantechnicon,' said Jack. Shelton made an effort to repeat the word, gasped and fell sideways off the seat. Jack caught him by the coat with one hand, stopped the horses, and let Shelton down to the street. Then jumping down after him, he found that Shelton was dead. A blood vessel in his heart had been ruptured. The doctors say it was caused by the effort to pronounce the word. Shelton was colored and ignorant, and it is believed that the combination of physical and mental labor involved in the pronunciation was the cause of the rupture.

SINCE THE PRECEDING paragraphs were put in type, I have found the passage I had in mind in writing them. The Indians, it seems, did not perish in trying to pronounce the outlandish Hollandish names, but no one who reads the account of their destruction can doubt for an instant that they would have died even sooner than they did, if they *had* attempted to sound the cacophonous vocables. Here is the story as Irving relates it in the second chapter of his 'History of New York' (page 101 of the Putnam's Hudson Edition, 1885):—'A boat was immediately despatched to enter into treaty with them; but so horribly confounded were these poor savages at the tremendous and uncouth sound of the Low-Dutch language that they one and all took to their heels, and scampered over the Bergen hills; nor did they stop till they had buried themselves, head and ears, in the marshes on the other side,

where they all miserably perished to a man;—and their bones, being collected and decently covered by the Tammany Society, formed that singular mound called RATTLESNAKE HILL, which rises out of the centre of the salt marshes a little to the east of the Newark Causeway.

ONE IS REMINDED by this legend of a scene in Gen. Lew Wallace's 'Fair God' (page 280). It is described in the chapter called 'Ennuyé in the Old Palace,' and the interlocutors are on the roof, whither the boy Ortegulla has been sent by his master to summon the knight Alvorado and the priest Olmedo to his presence:—"Look, Don Pedro, and thou, good father," replied the page; "look to the top of yon pile so ridiculously called a temple of—" "Speak it, as thou lovest me," cried Alvorado. "Wilt thou pronounce it after me?" "That will I; though, *cierto*, I will not promise my horse if I fail." "*Huistsilpotchli*," said the boy, slowly. "The saints defend us," said the knight, crossing himself. "Where didst thou get so foul a name?" * * * "What jargon didst thou use a moment ago, when speaking of the temple?" "*Huistsilpotchli*," said the boy, laughing. "Murrain take the idol, if only for its name's sake." Had Alvorado been an untutored savage instead of a belted knight, doubtless he would have taken to his heels as ignominiously and disastrously as the Indians who so lightly abandoned their village of Communipaw.

VICTOR HUGO's voluminous diary, to which I referred on May 28, is discovered to have been written for him by his son. Baron Embden, Heine's grandson, has sent to Hamburg, for publication, an unpublished collection of the poet's letters to his mother and sister. Apropos of the masses of manuscript not intended for publication left by well-known authors, I may mention a batch of seven hundred letters and three hundred postal-cards written by Walt Whitman to one man. To be sure this man was a very intimate friend, but he had other intimate friends to whom he wrote constantly, and who count his letters by the hundred, although he had no desk to speak of, and his supply of stationery seemed to be limited. Whitman did a much greater amount of letter-writing than most men, even those who have a great deal of correspondence. While his letters were seldom written on note-paper, they were never carelessly written. A printer could trust them implicitly. At first glance they appeared to be blotchy scrawls, but they really were very legible, and carefully punctuated and 'capitalized.' About these minor matters he was very particular, for in both he was peculiar. His punctuation might almost be called eccentric; his capitalization certainly was.

A PARAGRAPH about the largest libraries in the world, taken from Greenwood's 'Public Libraries' and put in circulation by the newspapers, states the number of printed volumes in the Bibliothèque Nationale to be upwards of 2,000,000 and of those in the British Museum, about 1,500,000. But I might as well reprint the item in full:—

The largest library in the world is that at Paris, which contains upward of 2,000,000 printed books and 160,000 manuscripts. Between the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg and the British Museum, there is not much difference. In the British Museum there are about 1,500,000 volumes. The Royal Library at Munich has now something over 900,000, but this includes many pamphlets; the Royal Library at Berlin contains 800,000 volumes, the library at Copenhagen 510,000, the library at Dresden 500,000, the University Library at Göttingen, Germany, 600,000. The Royal Library at Vienna has 400,000 volumes, and the University Library in the same city 370,000 volumes. At Buda-Pesth the University Library has 300,000 books, the corresponding library at Cracow nearly the same number, and at Prague 205,000.

I cut this paragraph from a New York daily and sent it for verification to the Librarian of Amherst College. In returning it he writes as follows:—"These figures are nearly the same as those given in the article 'Library' in the new Chambers' Encyclopædia, which is as good authority as is accessible to me. But they are confessedly about ten years old. I suppose the Bibliothèque Nationale must now contain very near 3,000,000 volumes and the British Museum not far from 2,000,000. W. I. F."

'C. B.' WRITES FROM an Ohio town that he has read my comments on the circulars of the 'American Publishers' Association' with mingled amusement and chagrin. A few years since, in response to an invitation, he thoughtlessly sent 'one or more selections' from his poems for insertion in 'Poets of America,' but failing to subscribe five or six dollars for a copy of the book, by a natural process of selection on the compiler's part they were omitted. He has since been asked to subscribe for a revised edition, in which, should he do so, his omitted masterpieces may be expected to appear, none the worse for having been pigeon-holed for a few

years. The same house has also besought C. B. and other 'National, Local and Anonymous Verse-Writers of America Now Living' to contribute 'excellent and appropriate sentiments' to a volume of 'Poetical Quotations,' for copies of which they are asked to subscribe \$2.75 a-piece, the order to be 'Void in case Subscriber is not represented' in the projected tome.

SOME TIME AGO I printed a telegram and a letter of abuse hurled against my offending head by the 'friend' of an author whom I was accused of having criticised too severely. I find that I am not the only person who has been abused for similar cause. An English reviewer has been crushed by the following communication, not from one of the author's friends, but from the author himself:—

Woman! Ten years ago you killed a book of mine by your cruel and unjust notice of it. I want you to know before you die that I have watched you ever since, and that I shall watch you all your days. If there is any justice in this world, you will suffer for what you did to one who had never harmed you, and I shall see it and be glad of it.

If the cruelly treated work was written in the tragic style of this letter I am not surprised that the reviewer 'killed' the book. I only wonder that the public did not kill the author.

'YOUR REFERENCE to Jeames de la Pluche,' writes O. L. of Newark, N. J., 'reminds me that precious few natives of Thackeray's land pronounce the first name rightly, or know why he clapped in the first e. Ninety-nine people in a hundred (I, of course, am the hundredth every time) call it Jeems. Some American humorist or other actually prints "Jeems" as his funny name. The true-blue Cockney flunkey says his name with a magnificently impressive flourish, thus—"Je—ames," slowly and *maestoso*. This is why Thackeray's musical ear spelt it out so.' The same correspondent adds:—"The Critic of May 21 had a poem under the heading "Monosyllabic Verse." Are these words monosyllabic: "Loved," "bleached," "chilled," "thinned," "arched," etc.? What about "my beloved is mine," and "the learned judge"? As used by Elizabeth Akers in the poem 'True,' the words in question are monosyllables; of the two other words about which O. L. inquires, "learned," as he uses it, is a dissyllable and 'beloved' a trisyllable.

C. R. B. WRITES to me from the Ames (Mass.) Free Library that he has received a letter from Mr. Blackmore in which the writer says:—"The paragraph about sundry dramatic forms of 'Lorna Doone' is news to me also. I have only seen one adaptation, which I didn't think at all successful, and so set forth to attempt the job myself. But whether it will ever be accomplished is extremely doubtful."

Boston Letter

MISS ANNIE CLARKE'S farewell testimonial at the Boston Museum was one that will be remembered with the farewells of Warren and Mrs. Vincent. Never have I seen so many ladies in that historic old theatre. Not only did they occupy two-thirds of the seats in the play-house, but they even stood in the deep semi-circle of spectators in the rear of the house for four hours without resting, in order to witness every scene of the performance. Taken altogether, it was a splendid tribute to an actress who well deserved it. For nearly forty years Miss Clarke has been a member of the Museum Company, and as leading lady her fame has been linked with that of the theatre.

The prettiest part of the testimonial came when the last curtain was falling on the regular performance. Then from the wings stepped forth Miss Mary Shaw, another actress whom Boston claims, although, as leading lady with Mme. Modjeska and Julia Marlowe, she has won a reputation outside of this city. In graceful manner Miss Shaw spoke this epilogue, written for the occasion by Louise Imogen Guiney:—

Nay, all's not over. As we see you clad
In womanhood your great forerunner had,
(Who, if her gracious portraits speak her true,
Looked, moved, indeed, dear Peg of ours, like you).
O, stay awhile. The bell that sounds to-night
Intones a little knell for old delight,
And from this painted heaven many a thing
Sweetly with you must vanish, wing to wing.
Too bright a spot it is to breathe 'good-bye,'
Where long beneath a patch of playhouse sky,
Our modern Boston (who'll believe it?) stood
All happy, all intelligent, all good:
Where amid welcomes, fellowship, applause,
And mutual wit, and worth that wins her cause,
And kind dead faces, tender memories,
Rang your own voice that passes not with these.

Honor is due you. How your orbit lay
In quiet paths of home and yesterday,
Bringing the dull uncivil time's extreme
The sly fine dames of our grandsires' dream:
How you lent truth to sorrow, fire to scorn,
To hateful a something nobly born:
How no least task to you could ever fall
But full perfection crowned it: how in all
Naught cheap or common touched you, and your part
Seemed often but to hide too high a heart,
Let men hereafter tell. For what we owe,
Our thanks do hang the head. Where'er you go
The town shall follow, Peg; and since in truth
You gave us here your genius and your youth,
Take from this trysting place of thirty years
Health, luck, godspeed and love too proud for tears.

Miss Clarke was surprised, but another surprise followed when a substantial token of esteem was presented to her from the prominent citizens of Boston, and that in turn followed by a tribute from the players presented by Mr. James Burrows, an actor on the Museum stage company for twenty-five years. Miss Clarke had not intended to speak, and at that time her emotion made it impossible to utter a word without a tremble in the voice; but she did, in response to repeated applause, express her thanks and the final repetition of those words of Little Tim, 'God bless us every one.' It was as the heroine of 'The Scrap of Paper,' 'Sweet-hearts' and 'Masks and Faces' that Miss Clarke appeared at this testimonial, and while still in the costume of Peg Woffington she received this final tribute. The Woffington, a character in which she has won especial fame, has remained a leading rôle with her for nearly a quarter of a century. Succeeding Miss Orton, now the wife of the accomplished editor of the *Gazette*, Mr. B. E. Woolf, as second to Miss Kate Reynolds (Mrs. Erving Winslow), whose readings of late New York as well as Boston has enjoyed, Miss Clarke continued in the same position when Miss Kate Denin took the leading place; when the latter actress departed from Boston in 1866 the lady to whom Boston has just testified its continued honor stepped to the highest pedestal in the theatrical cast.

Familiar faces appeared around Peg Woffington at the testimonial on the Museum stage, but they were not the familiar faces of that day, the 21st of October, 1867, when Miss Clarke made her *début* in the rôle. Then J. A. Smith, that prince of fops and most admirable Backbite who now is at the Forrest Home, played Sir Charles Pomander. Warren, of course, was Triplet. Robert McClannin, now with Maggie Mitchell's company, was Colley Cibber; Hardenburgh was Quinn and Ring was Burdock. The gentle Mabel Vane fell to the lot of Louisa Meyers, while spiteful Kitty Clive found an interpreter in Emily King, and the sufferings of poor Mrs. Triplet were told in saddening tones by Miss M. Parker. Pleasant it is to notice that the Snarl of that cast, Mr. Burrows, was the Snarl of Thursday. Harry Hudson, who then played Ernest Vane, died recently in New York. Miss Meyers, who became Mrs. Droane, is living in New York, retired from the stage, while Miss King (Mrs. Van Olker) is retired in Providence. Miss Parker still resides in Boston but is no longer acting. Miss Addison, who acted the maid in 'Masks and Faces,' came from the West and afterward returned to the West.

My mention of Mrs. Winslow reminds me that that lady is to deliver in October and November eight lectures from the old English dramatists under the auspices of the Women's Press Association. These are the lectures which Mrs. Winslow read last winter at the University of Pennsylvania. James Russell Lowell was to have been the lecturer at the University, and the subsequent selection of Mrs. Winslow was, therefore, a distinction in which she may well take pride.

I wrote to Mr. John Hutchinson, of the famous singing family, to inquire exactly how many of his brethren were now living. He replies:—'Of the Hutchinson family singers, but two remain, my sister, Mrs. Abbie Hutchinson Patton of New York, and myself, of High Rock, Lynn. My last public appearance in concert was in Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Friday evening, April 22, 1892, at the Women's Christian Temperance Fair. The last public concert given by me was at the Isle of Shoals in August, 1891.'

The friends of Miss Katherine E. Conway, the author and assistant editor of *The Pilot* (the paper with which the late John Boyle O'Reilly was so long identified), will regret to learn of the death of her father, James Conway, in Boston, a few days ago, at the age of seventy. He was a well-known bridge builder. Mrs. Conway died last January. Miss Conway has two sisters and a brother living.

The election of the Browning Society has resulted in the following choice of officers:—President, the Rev. Francis B. Hornbrooke of Newton; Vice-Presidents, the Rev. Philip S. Moxom of Boston

and Mr. Joshua Kendall of Cambridge; Secretary, Mrs. Emma Endicott Marean of Cambridge; Treasurer, Mrs. Richard Arnold of Boston; Librarian, Mr. William H. Ladd; Executive Committee, Mr. Dana Estes (Chairman), Prof. Daniel Dorchester, Jr., Miss Charlotte Porter, Miss O. M. E. Rowe of Boston, and the Rev. George D. Latimer of Allston.

I wonder if ever a larger number of books has been put up for sale than the two hundred thousand volumes to be sold on the 15th of June in this city. The death of that famous dealer in old books, T. O. H. P. Burnham, left this immense stock to be disposed of to the highest bidder. There is to be no division of this enormous library, but the entire contents of the dark, dingy basement under the Old South Church are to be sold in one lot.

BOSTON, May 31, 1892.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

London Letter

LITERATURE is never very much to the front at this season of the year in London. I found a publisher gazing over his desk yesterday, half asleep, and looking as if he had nothing in the world to do and all the day to do it in. 'We shall not bring out a single thing of the slightest importance between now and the beginning of September,' he said; 'the holidays are beginning among the men and boys below-stairs. Several have already gone off for their fortnight; and it will be as much as we can do to let everyone have his turn before we are busy again; but just now?' And then he smiled and looked around, indicating that just now his mind was not in Paternoster Row.

Is it because of this general 'slackness' that Mr. Swinburne's new drama falls somewhat flat? Hardly. 'The Sisters' is a simple tale of love and jealousy, and we all know how such a tale can be told, and has been told many a time and oft, by Algernon Charles Swinburne,—but in the present instance the telling is as much at fault as the tale, and in truth, neither is worthy of the writer. It is all very well to talk of 'idyllic scenes,' and 'charming dialogue,' as Mr. Swinburne's admirers are fain to do, when discussing the new tragedy. The 'idyllic scenes' might almost have been penned by a girl of sixteen, and the 'charming dialogue' resolves itself into lines like these:—

FRANK

I love you: but I see how you love him;
And think you are right. He loves you more than I—
Yes more than I can—more than most men can
Love even you. You are no mate for me.
I am no mate for you, the song says. Well,
So be it. God send you happiness with him!

MABEL

God reward you, Frank! You see
—It's true—I love him.

And so on, and so on. It does not need a very great amount of poetic fire to fill the page with Frank's and Mabel's tender prattle. One might almost manage to say 'I love you' and 'I love him' without being the hero and heroine of a tragedy. At the close, however, we have a wholesale poisoning which is so intolerably foolish and unnatural, that it is really a relief to find it hurried over in a few bald, curt sentences. But still, it is distressing to be expected to sympathize with people who, being presented with an ill-looking potion by an excitable girl, drink it all round because assured by her that it is 'harmless'! For the sake of Mr. Swinburne's great reputation we could have wished he had not written 'The Sisters.'

'The Siege of Lucknow,' by the Hon. Lady Inglis, may not be possessed of extraordinary merit regarded as a literary production, but there is an air of truth and simplicity about it which gives value to every page. Much as has been written about those awful hours with their attendant agonies, the narrative of one who bore a part in them must always be hearkened to with attention and respect; and Lady Inglis's clear statements, and the observation and intelligence which enabled her to take note of all that was passing around despite the tumult of horror and apprehension within her own bosom, make the book before us doubly interesting because we are impressed with the conviction of its being reliable. I cordially recommend 'The Siege of Lucknow' to all lovers of historical crises, and romance in war.

'Old Smuggling Days; or, The Story of a Lost Art,' is not, strictly speaking, more meritorious from a literary point of view than the above, yet it is also a pleasant volume to read. It presents a tolerably graphic picture of the times with which it deals, and one feels instinctively that the author, Lieut. Shore, is in earnest, and is doing his best. He writes with conviction; he has lived among the people he describes, and heard from their own lips the terrible tales of crime and cruelty which, even when refined and modified

by his pen, are almost too ghastly for repetition. Perhaps it is as well that such plain tales should be told. We are too apt—especially we women—to connect smuggling, and freebooting, and bushranging, with a vague notion of heroism, and to cast over acts of lawlessness the glamour of our own imaginings. The very fact of their taking place by moonlight goes some way with us. But 'Smuggling Days and Smuggling Ways' (Cassell & Co.), albeit not altogether dispelling old illusions, certainly presents in a most unmistakable manner the darkest shades of scenes which happily are now almost, if not altogether, things of the past.

A curious and in its way interesting trifle has come under my notice within the last few days. First editions of Mr. Louis Stevenson's works are commanding a price! Now if ever a little book of nonsense verses might have been allowed to be forgotten, it is this distinguished writer's 'Child's Garden of Verses.' Being a great admirer of Mr. Stevenson, I banished the copy sent my little daughter out of sight, not wishing to afford scoffers an opportunity for ridicule. Book collectors are to-day advertising for this very edition of this very book, and the price offered is mounting with every advertisement!

The latest idea for collectors of oddities is post-marks. What is the precise object of collecting post-marks, I am unable to say, but the applications for them on every hand are numerous.

Maarten Maartens—(his real name is absolutely unpronounceable and unspellable)—is just coming over to London on a short visit. Although his novels 'The Sin of Joost Avelingh' and 'An Old Maid's Love' are not as yet very widely read in England, they are gaining in popularity, and would, I fancy, soon be appreciated at their true value, if their clever author could manage to hit off the fancy of the volatile public with some short, racy novelty—some catchpenny trifle on a craze of the moment, which should have the effect of drawing attention to his more solid work. We have all had occasion to note of late how admirably this trick has worked. I commend it to the notice of Maarten Maartens.

Non-intellectual people are delighted with one of the Princess Karadjia's smart sayings in 'Étincelles.' The world we live in will neither, the Princess opines, perish by fire nor yet by water, 'it will be buried beneath successive layers of literature; and the last man, before being submerged will die of ennui.' If this be so, the Princess may have at least the satisfaction of reflecting that she has in 'Étincelles,' which is an amusing little volume in its way, 'cast her stone' on the pile. Another witty aphorism comes home to a good many of us—'Say something clever before twenty persons, and perhaps one will remember it next day. Say something foolish before one person, and twenty will remember it next year.' This is both true and pungent, even if it has been uttered by a princess.

L. B. WALFORD.

Poetical Prose

OUR READERS have been made acquainted by Mr. Burroughs with the distinction between poetry and eloquence. In the following brief article from *The Pall Mall Budget* the difference between poetry and poetical prose is sought to be pointed out:—

Apocryphal of *The Speaker's* somewhat unsupported suggestion that the poetical form is worn out as a vehicle for poetical thought, and that the rhythm of the future is prose, it is interesting to note how very rare are the instances of good poetical prose in the English language. By poetical prose we mean, of course, not Whittmanese or Tupperese, on the one hand, nor yet bad prose arrested on its way to become bad blank-verse, on the other—like the Dickensian pathos-passage. We mean prose, the *thought* of which is so elevated, imaginative, and glowing that it might well have had the musical setting of rhyme; and the *expression* of which, by choice of words and arrangement of sentences, is so rhythmical that the ear does not miss that setting. In other words, the matter is the same as that of poetry, and the manner supplies that sense of music which in poetry is more directly attained by metre, with or without assonance.

Mere detached passages which comply with this definition are common enough in all prose stylists; for two at least of Milton's conditions of 'true musical delight' are as much at the disposal of the artist, or the musician, if you will, in prose as in verse: to wit, 'fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out' from phrase to phrase. To the one single passage (not a very convincing one) which *The Speaker* article quotes from the inevitable Mr. Thomas Hardy (the lament of Mary South over Giles Winterborne's grave in the 'Woodlanders') it would be easy to add dozens from other contemporary writers.

Take, at random, Matthew Arnold's apostrophe to Oxford and De Quincey's to Oxford Street; half a dozen other bits in the 'Opium Eater,' especially the dream which begins with a 'slow awakening music'; the famous 'Adsum' passage in the 'New-comers'; a dozen pages in Ruskin, especially in 'Modern Painters,' the close of the chapter on 'Repose' for one; and in Carlyle, especially in 'Sartor' and the 'French Revolution'; the chapter in 'Richard Feverel' which describes his love at first sight; passages in Bulwer Lytton, Kingsley, and a score of other novelists; hundreds of passages in orations and kindred rhetoric, from Burke to Macaulay, and from Macaulay to such young Irishmen as Meagher, one of whose speeches about the sacred right of bloodshed reads exactly like a poem by Victor Hugo.

But these are all mere passages—not works. If prose were indeed supplanting verse for the purposes of poetry we should be able to trace it in the literature of the time. But where are the prose poems of to-day? Where is the author who, having a poem to write—not a mere passage in a book, but a work of artistic unity and completeness, such as is even the briefest true lyric—sits down and deliberately writes it in prose instead of verse, in plain rhythm instead of ordered metre?

Probably a few of Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations' are the best examples that could be quoted. Miss Schreiner's Allegories and some of Richard Jefferies's things are also in different ways examples. Of course the poetical books of the Old Testament in the Authorized Version fulfill the conditions in their own inimitable way. But that is retiring from the modern field; and besides, the poetical books of the Bible are not prose. They reproduce the 'parallelism' of the Hebrew poetic system, which lays out its thought in patterns almost as regular and artificial as those imposed by metre and rhyme.

But the English Bible is a translation—the most splendid crib that was ever written; and that reminds us that in the same field there are several really fine modern instances of prose poems. Take, for instance, one or two of the Idylls in Mr. Lang's version of Theocritus; and one or two of the Books in the Odyssey which the same artist in words has given us in concert with Mr. Butcher. Mr. Myer's Pindar, perhaps, hardly touches the standard. But the others are literature; they are poetry; they have completeness, art, unity, elevation; and they are English prose. We give *The Speaker* writer the cribs.

Carlyle's Novel in Court.

THE first suit under the clauses in the new copyright law guaranteeing the rights of foreigners has been brought in the United States Court by D. Appleton & Co., who seek to restrain Henry Dexter, as President of the American News Co., from selling Carlyle's 'Wotton Reinfred.'

They state that the work was first sold to Archibald Grove of London, and that in August, 1891, they purchased from him the exclusive right of publication in the United States. The novel was copyrighted in this country on Jan. 14 last. The complainants allege that the American News Co. has issued a cheaper edition since then, and that, by selling the work at a much lower price than that asked by them, their market has been destroyed. Manager Farrelly of the News Co. is quoted as saying to a reporter:—'We obtained the books from the Waverly Publishing Co., in the regular course of our business, to place on the market. We had not learned that the book was copyrighted. Some time ago we received a letter from D. Appleton & Co. stating that they had exclusive rights to the work, and we immediately stopped distributing it.' Joseph A. Arnold, attorney for the Waverly Co., stated that his clients alleged that there was no copyright upon the novel, and that the appeal for the law's protection was founded upon no legal right whatever.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

The Portfolio for May has an etching by C. O. Murray of part of the north transept of St. Mark's, Venice, showing the rood-screen with its statues of the Apostles in the distance. Two other interiors—the Middle Temple Hall, drawn by Herbert Railton, and a 'School at Cairo,' a photogravure after a painting by the late J. F. Lewis, R.A.,—are also full-page plates. In the latter the chief interest is in the white-bearded and white-turbaned schoolmaster and his motley crew of scholars, but the architecture and furnishing of the room, all barred and spotted by shadows of the latticed window, seem to have had almost as much of the artist's attention. Mr. Claude Phillips discreetly bestows mingled praise and condemnation on his work. Among the other contents of the number is a short account of a visit to Gruchy, the birth-

place of J. F. Millet, by G. Grahame, and a review by the editor of Prof. Herkomer's book on 'Etching.'

—There was spirited bidding for the Leyland paintings at Christie's on May 28. Many Whistlers and Rossetts were in the collection. Several of Mr. Burne-Jones's pictures were sold: 'Venus's Mirror,' for 2400*l.*; 'Merlin and Vivien,' for 3600*l.*; 'The Four Seasons,' for 1150*l.*; 'The Wine of Circe,' for 1350*l.*; and 'Night and Morning,' 1150*l.*; 'The Eve of St. Agnes,' by Sir John Millais, brought 2100*l.*

—At the thirty-third annual commencement of the Cooper Institute last week, ex-Mayor Hewitt called attention to the gift of \$10,000 recently made to the library fund by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. The income will be devoted to the purchase of art literature.

—'One of the most seductive artistic figures of the time,' Claudius Popelin, painter, enameler, poet, and writer on the various arts which he practised with success, died in Paris last month. The *Times* says of him:—'His poems are not less charming than his paintings, his illustrations, and his enamels, that book-lovers chase in the bindings of his works.'

Current Criticism

MR. LANG GOES A-FISHING.—All the achievements he relates might have fallen to the lot of any ordinary angler, while the style in which he describes his varied luck at the river-side is in commendable contrast to the language used by most sporting writers. Many of the phrases which he here employs are characteristic of him. Happiness in fishing, he says, is 'the legacy of the barbarian.' Fishing brings annual delights, for 'grey hairs come and stiff limbs and shortened sight, but the spring is green and hope is fresh, for all the changes in the world and in ourselves.' Once more 'the grass of Parnassus grew thick and white around me, with its moonlight tint of green in the veins.' An atmosphere of poetry, old song, and ballad surrounds Mr. Lang as he goes a-fishing. Like Scott, he knows how to fit a legend to every deserted house, while all the renowned castles of the Borders surrender to him their ancestral secrets. Should Fortune smile, Mr. Lang's account of loch and stream and fly is sure to be interesting; should she be fickle, turn her wheel, he can entertain his readers with some uncanny narrative of ghosts or second-sight.—*The Athenæum*.

Notes

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO. will publish early this month 'The Claims of Decorative Art,' by Walter Crane, with illustrations by the author; 'Favorite Flies and their Histories,' with Replies from Experienced Anglers, by Mary E. Orvis Marbury; a fourth edition, revised, of 'A History of Presidential Elections,' by Edward Stanwood; Vol. IV. of Prof. Sargent's 'Silva of North America'; new editions of 'Benjamin on Sales' and 'Cox on Trade-Marks'; 'Phases of Thought and Criticism,' by Brother Azarias; and, in the Riverside Paper Series, Mrs. Deland's 'Sidney.'

—Mr. Bliss Carman, the young Canadian poet, has resigned his editorial position on *The Independent* to accept a position with *Current Literature*, where he will assist Mr. Harold Godwin, who has lately taken charge of that magazine. Mr. Carman will be followed on *The Independent* by Mr. Elbert F. Baldwin, a young graduate of Williams College, subsequently trained in the German universities.

—'Tales of a Garrison Town,' by the Rev. Arthur Wentworth Eaton and Craven Langstroth Betts, is to be published within a month by the D. D. Merrill Co. of New York and St. Paul. It consists of short stories of modern Halifax society, and is to appear in two volumes of about a dozen stories each, to be illustrated in pen-and-ink by Charles Howard Johnson.

—About 150 unpublished letters from Sherman, 80 from Grant, and many from Farragut are included in the collection of MSS. left behind by Admiral Porter. Says a correspondent of the *Times*:—

Some literary man can get a good job by applying to the Appletons of New York, who have been asked by the family of the late Admiral Porter to secure a competent writer of the biography of the great naval commander. Assistant Secretary Soley of the Navy Department is at present engaged on a small history of the achievements of Admiral Porter, and the work will be published as one in a series of military lives by a New York publisher. There is a vast amount of material available for a huge biography of Porter, and incidentally a side look into the lives of his contemporaries. He never destroyed a scrap of paper, and when he died there were literally cartloads of memoranda, letters received from famous men, and copies of letters written.

—Dr. Weir Mitchell thinks he has discovered a poet of great promise in Charles Leonard Moore, whose 'Day Dreams: A Cen-

tury of Sonnets,' was privately printed at Philadelphia in 1888. He introduces him in *The Forum* for June, and the publishers call special attention to the criticism.

—The Satchel Guide to Europe, which is carefully revised every year, has been duly 'freshened up' for the present season, and reminds the stay-at-home with painful emphasis of the delights foregone in remaining away from Our Old Home and its neighbor lands throughout another summer solstice. We know of no more scholarly and trustworthy guide-book than these soft red leather covers enshrine. (\$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

—For 'The Naulahka,' the novel by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier, now running in *The Century* and to be issued in book form by Macmillan & Co. immediately after its completion in the July number, Mr. Kipling has written a number of rhymed chapter headings.

—A despatch from Boston last Tuesday ran as follows:—

It has been discovered that on the extreme left of the façade front of the new Public Library building are chiseled in tablets the following names: Moses, Cicero, Kalidasa, Isocrates, Milton, Mozart, Euclid, Æschylus, Dante, Wren, Herrick, Irving, Titian, Erasmus. These names form an acrostic, the first letters spelling the names of the firm of architects which has furnished the plan for the building. A representative of the architects [McKim, Mead and White] says he can assign no reason for it except that it was a 'prank of some of the boys in the office.' Three of these names, Dante, Milton, and Titian, appear on the other tablets and in their proper places. This duplication is another proof that the acrostic was intentional.

—Postmaster-General Wanamaker is the 'star' contributor to the June *Charities Review*, his subject being 'Postal Savings Depositories.' A portrait of Dr. Hale is the number's frontispiece.

—To effect the organization of a society for the preservation and publication of data having reference to the settlement and history of Jews on the American continent, a meeting at the Jewish Theological Seminary, 736 Lexington Ave., has been called for Monday, June 6. The circular is signed by Cyrus Adler of Johns Hopkins University.

—*The Bookbuyer's* frontispiece is a likeness of Pierre Loti. A biographical sketch accompanies it.

—*The Yale Review: A Quarterly Journal of History and Political Science* bears on its first number the date May, 1892, and the imprint of Ginn & Co. It makes a creditable appearance. The leading article, on 'German Tariff Policy,' is by Henry Villard and Prof. Henry W. Farnham, the latter name heading the list of editors. The other editors are Profs. G. P. Fisher, G. B. Adams and A. T. Hadley and Dr. J. C. Schwab.

—J. G. Cupples Co. announce for immediate publication 'American Ideas for English Readers,' by James Russell Lowell, 'an entirely new collection of his speeches, addresses, etc., delivered while abroad, embellished with a portrait taken from the bust by Partridge, and opening with an introduction by Henry Stone.' The 'authorized' editions of Mr. Lowell's writings are published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—Harper & Bros. announce for immediate publication 'The Puritan in Holland, England, and America,' by Douglas Campbell; 'The Venetians,' by Miss M. E. Braddon; 'Vesty of the Basins,' by S. P. McLean Greene; 'How Women Should Ride,' by 'C. de Hurst,' and 'Diego Pinzon, and the Fearful Voyage he took into the Unknown Ocean, A. D., 1492,' by John Russell Coryell.

—J. C. L. of Ripley, Ohio, writes:—'In your review of "The Old Navy and the New," you say that "the same Congressman—Horner—got Grant into West Point and Ammen into the Navy." There never was a Congressman named Horner from this district. The official who made these appointments was Gen. Thomas L. Hammer.'

—Judge Lathrop of the Supreme Judicial Court, at Boston, has granted a preliminary injunction restraining Auctioneers C. F. Libbie & Co. from selling a collection of autograph letters and documents claimed by the State of Virginia. The letters and documents are signed by George Washington, the Marquis de Lafayette, Queen Anne, the Earl of Sunderland, Thomas Jefferson, William II. and William III., William Byrd of Westover, Receiver General of the Revenues of Virginia, George II., and other historic personages.

—The published price of the first edition of Gray's 'Elegy' was sixpence. Recently a copy was sold at Sotheby's for 59*l.* and 94*l.* was paid for a first edition of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' while a copy of the first edition of 'The Compleat Angler' fetched 210*l.*

—At the closing exercises of Barnard College last Saturday afternoon, the Rev. Dr. Arthur Brooks announced that some generous person had contracted to give the College \$100,000 for a building,

contingent upon its obtaining a site near that which Columbia College has secured on the Bloomingdale Asylum property. One of the conditions of the offer was that the name of the person making it should be kept secret until all plans have been perfected. The contract gives the college four years to arrange matters.

—Mme. Darmesteter's recent 'Marguerites du Temps Passé' has been crowned by the French Academy, which has awarded her a prize of 500 francs. The author is to write the monograph on Froissart in the series of Grands Écrivains Français, the French equivalent to the English Men-of-Letters Series.

—Mr. Hall Caine has rewritten his novel of 'The Scapegoat,' which has run through many editions at home and abroad. 'In the new version the personal narrative has disappeared, the English traveller is eliminated, the heroine remains in her own country, and her deliverer is the Mahdi.' Mr. Heinemann publishes the novel as thus changed in a one-volume edition. Is the fashion that Mr. Kipling set, in writing a new and more elaborate conclusion for 'The Light that Failed,' to be generally followed by the novelists?

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1660.—Who is the 'Hersey Professor' referred to by Dr. Holmes in his introduction to 'A Mortal Antipathy,' of whom he wrote 'a memorial outline'? (See pages 13 and 14.) 2. Who is the person referred to on page 15, 'to whose memory I [he] consecrated a few pages as a prelude to a work of his own'?

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[1. Dr. Jefferies Wyman, who was Hersey Professor and taught in the Academic branch of Harvard College while the Autocrat, as Parkman Professor, was teaching in the Medical School. 2. Dr. Edward Hammond Clarke, Professor of Materia Medica in the Medical School.]

The work of his to which Dr. Holmes wrote an introduction, with a brief memoir, was entitled 'Visions.']

Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

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|---|-----------------------------------|
| Aldrich, H. L. Arctic Alaska and Siberia. 50c. | Rand, McNally & Co. |
| Basán, E. P. A Wedding Trip. Trans. by M. J. Serrano. 50c. | Cassell Pub. Co. |
| Birrell, A. Res Judicata. \$1. | Chas. Scribner's Sons |
| Brace, M. P. Text-book of Elocution. 40c. | Leach, Shewell & Sanborn |
| Brine, M. D. Dan. \$1. | E. P. Dutton & Co. |
| Century Magazine. November—April, 1891-92. \$3. | Century Co. |
| Church in the British Isles, The. By Bishop Doane and others. 50c. | E. & J. B. Young & Co. |
| Clark, I. Small Helps for To-Day. \$1. | E. P. Dutton & Co. |
| Holmes, M. The Price of the Ring. Chicago: C. J. Schulte & Co. | London: Methuen & Co. |
| Hutton, A. W. Cardinal Manning. 6s. | Chas. Scribner's Sons |
| Hyslop, J. H. Elements of Logic. \$2. | Boston: C. Schoenohof |
| Jischke, R. English-French Conversation Dictionary. Lowell, Correll & Co. | |
| Mathers, H. T. Other Dear Charmer. 30c. | St. Paul, Minn.: Price-McGill Co. |
| Melville, W. The Interpreter. 35c. | Tribune Office. |
| Memorial Addresses and After-Dinner Speeches. 35c. | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Moran, W. H. W. From School-Room to Bar. \$1.25. | Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen. |
| National Educational Ass'n: Official Bulletin. By Bishop Perry | E. & J. B. Young & Co. |
| Post-Restoration Period of the Church in the British Isles. By Bishop Perry | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Pierce, S. L. Stolen Steps. 50c. | Fords, Howard & Hulbert. |
| Shakespeare: Typical Tales. Ed. by R. R. Raymond. \$1.50. | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |
| Sparhawk, F. C. Oncqua. 50c. | A. Lovell & Co. |
| Southwick, A. P. Wisp of Wit and Wisdom. 50c. | Robert Bonner's Sons. |
| True Daughter of Hartenstein. Trans. by M. J. Safford. 50c. | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| University Extension: Proceedings of First Annual Meeting. \$1.50. | Salem, Mass.: E. Putnam. |
| Salem: Visitor's Guide. | A. C. Armstrong & Co. |
| Watson, R. A. The Book of Job. \$1.50. | Cassell Pub. Co. |
| Weyman, S. J. Story of Francis Cludde. 50c. | Rand, McNally & Co. |
| World's Columbian Exposition. 50c. | |
| Catalogues received from Chas. Scribner's Sons; D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. | |

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The Life of Thomas Paine, with a History of His Literary, Political and Religious Career in America, France and England. By MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY, author of Omitted Chapters of History Disclosed in the Life and Papers of Edmund Randolph, etc. To which is added a sketch of Paine by William Cobbett, hitherto unpublished. 2 vols., 8vo, illustrated, \$5.00.

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* Note on New Books. Vol. II, No. I, sent on application.

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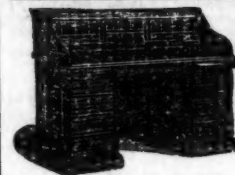
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